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A CHAPTER OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE BRITISH PEASANTRY.

THE monstrous absurdity, that there is a principle in the economy of nature by which population increases beyond the means of support, has been stated by men eminent in various departments of political economy, and countenanced by individuals in whom the soundest reasoning and far-sightedness might have been expected. There is not a principle in nature having a tendency to increase population beyond the means of subsistence, or to overpeople the world. To suppose that there is, is to impugn the magnificent designs of the Creator, and to call in question his vigilant and ever-sustaining Providence. When the globe which we inhabit, and all that it sustains in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, was called into existence, and sent forth fresh from the hands of its Divine Constructor, certain fixed principles were ordained and put into unintermitting action, by which all were to be sustained, and prevented alike from coming to a stand, or into collision. These principles involved the production and reproduction of food for man and beast through an incalculable series of ages, and this process of production was left to be excited or retarded in a great measure by man, for whose convenience all subordinate parts were organized, and by whose thinking faculties the increase or decrease of food was apparently to be proportioned. In a word, it was left to our free will whether to cultivate the soil, or leave it in its rude and unproductive condition.

It has happened in the course of some five or six thousand years after the creation of the world, that a small island, lying in the seas which border on the northern part of Europe, a spot of earth so comparatively small that it may be traversed from one end to the other in the space of little more than a week, has, by the artificial state of its society, and a concurrence of injudicious regulations, increased in its population to about seventeen millions of inhabitants; and because, as must necessarily be the case from the influence of these regulations, a number of the people are in impoverished circumstances, and are not so well fed as their neighbours, it has, forsooth, pleased a few men in this large mass of humanity to impeach the God of the universe, and to tell us that He creates millions of thinking beings only to put them to death by starvation.

To show the utter fallacy of this detestable theory, I need only bring under your notice two simple facts, in which all such vicious and shallow-minded reasoning finds an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. It is a great, a comforting, and an undeniable fact, that there are immense tracts of land, islands, and even continents, which, till this hour, are lying in nearly their primeval state, with the soil untouched since the beginning of the world. So boundless are these almost uninhabited territories, so capable are they of sustaining human life, that, if the proper means were used, they would yield food, clothing, and a place of residence to more people than all that the ancient settlements of the human race at present contain. They could hold all the existing population of the earth, and not be filled. Canada itself could receive and maintain the whole of the population of Europe; and the seventeen millions of human beings belonging to the little island which has raised such alarm, might be transported to the banks of one of the mighty rivers in the United States, and it would hardly be known that they had taken up their residence in the country. "Send us over your whole population (says an American writer); we have plenty of room for you all, and a hundred millions more." But such a gratifying fact as this gives but a faint idea of the vastness, the capabilities of the world beyond the wa-

ters of the Atlantic. In a former number of the Journal, I honoured these humble pages with the account given by the ingenious naturalist Audobon, of the wild pigeons of America. Have my readers any recollection of the extraordinary number of these animals, and the calculation made regarding the quantity of their daily food? Let me here repeat and extend the calculation. The number of pigeons seen on the wing by Audobon, as computed by allowing two pigeons to the square yard, was *one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand*, and "as every pigeon (says he) daily consumes half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be *eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day*." The species of food used is the produce of the trees. We thus find, that by a moderate calculation, a single flock of pigeons in the back woods of America, consumes in one day as great an amount of food, whether by weight or measure, as would support the whole seventeen millions of people in Great Britain for at least a week. The mind is lost in wonder in contemplation of so magnificent a fact. The faculty of thought is bewildered in pondering on so striking an instance of the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Where, where, may we then ask, have the predictors of famine been examining the sources of food for man? On what have their eyes and their thoughts been fixed, that they have passed over this prospect of inexhaustible plenty? It would seem that they have never looked beyond the confines of that little spot of land in the ocean, which I have alluded to, and whose superabundant thousands require only to be transferred to that division on the earth's surface holding out food, raiment, and residence for their gratuitous acceptance, in order that society may right itself.

The above is the first fact I have to offer in the elucidation of this important question; and I maintain, in direct opposition to those who have taken a contrary view of the subject—among whom I am sorry to include persons otherwise distinguished for the clearness and comprehensiveness of their views of the social compact—that until the whole earth has been peopled, and until it can hold no more, it cannot rationally be said that the means of subsistence are inadequate for the wants of the population. These means are no more inadequate, than that the produce of a kitchen-garden is insufficient to support the family to which it belongs; and if this family be prevented from seeking its subsistence beyond its garden walls, and so be half starved, their miserable case is exactly parallel with that of this overpopulated island. Remove, I would say, all restrictions of a certain description; do not, unnaturally foster population, either in a particular part of the country, or at a particular time; LET MANKIND ALONE; and, in the same manner that fluids find their level, so will the redundant population of Great Britain and Ireland be profitably dispersed over territories hitherto untrodden by the footsteps of civilized men.

My second fact is more hypothetical, but not less obvious to our understanding. It is an old proverbial expression, that "necessity is the mother of invention." Now, in this sentiment, we discover one of the wisest provisions of Providence. It is only by necessity that mankind, in a savage state, are compelled to hunt, or otherwise toil, for their subsistence. The same feeling predominates through all the ramifications of civilized society. In proportion as the necessities of men spur them on to seek out new means of subsistence, so do these new means of subsistence open upon their view. If we cast a retrospective glance upon those steps which society has traced from its infancy to manhood

—from a state of barbaric rudeness to a condition of luxury and splendour—we invariably find that all improvements have originated in the wants of the people; and that, in proportion as they increased in number, so did they whet their invention, and contrive additional means of support. It is from this cause that Scotland, for instance, had no greater surplus of food when it had only a million of inhabitants than it has now, when it supports nearly three times the number. Nay, it had much less food, in proportion, when it had only a million of people; and hence it is proved that mankind, by their inventions and improvements, greatly increase the means of support beyond the point at which they formerly stood. The power of seeking out, or inventing, new means of subsistence, just as the old ones are perceived to be inadequate, has been actively at work since the beginning of time, and will operate for the benefit of our race as long as sun and moon endure. It is in the exercise of this transcendent faculty of the human mind that we see the beneficence of the Creator in providing unseen means of subsistence; and it is in it that we find the cheering hope, that at no period, however distant, even when the whole earth shall have been covered with inhabitants, shall mankind languish for lack of food. As they go on increasing in number, so will they go on perfecting their contrivances; every succeeding generation may labour under some new difficulty, but so will it be endowed with the faculty of releasing itself from it.

I have been led into these reflections by cogitation on the probable effects of that species of elemental locomotion in which steam is the active agent, and which appears to come into use for the benefit of our species precisely at the time that the quantity of food produced in this country has begun to be felt as too limited. An exceedingly instructive volume, illustrative of the commercial, political, and moral advantages of elemental locomotion, by means of steam-carriages on common roads, has appeared in London, from the pen of Alexander Gordon, civil engineer; and on turning over its leaves I am glad to perceive that the same idea, with regard to increasing the amount of food by the introduction of inanimate for animate power, is insisted upon both by the author and by those who have been examined on the question by a committee of the House of Commons.

"The substitution of inanimate for animate power" (says Mr. Gordon), if not the panacea which is to cure all the evils of our condition, is at least one that comes recommended as a matter of fact—easy of operation and effectual in its result. If want of food, or, in other words, redundancy of population, be the bane of the country, it does not propose to meet that evil by a visionary project, tending in its operation to unhinge society, tedious in its process, and ending at length in bitter disappointment; but it meets the evil directly, substantially, and effectually, by the substitution of [consumers of] food.³ And how are all these immense advantages to be effected? By the substitution of inanimate for animate power. At present, the animate power employed in the commercial transportations of this great kingdom is estimated to amount to two millions of horses. Each horse consumes as much food as is necessary for the support of eight men. Hence the conversion of its consumption to purposes of human existence would, if carried to this practical extent, amount to a quantity of food equal to support sixteen millions of people. Now, the suppression of the stage-horses upon our principal thoroughfares, and of the dray horses in the great commercial towns, may be calculated to economise a saving of food equivalent to the supply of the above human beings. The reduction of farm consumption, the bugbear of the project, will be met and compensated by a steady and proportionate demand

from other quarters; whilst in the United Kingdom, the 8,100,000 acres of land now required to feed the horses, together with the capital sunk in their purchase, will, when both applied to other and general purposes, amply compensate for the change. If instead of 20,000 horses we keep 30,000 fat oxen, butcher's meat will be always cheap to the operative classes, whilst the quantity of tallow will of course make candles cheap, and so many hides lower the price of leather. Or the same quantity of land may keep 30,000 cows, the milk of which will make both butter and cheese cheaper to the poor, as well as to the labouring manufacturer. The same thing may be said in favour of more sheep and woollen cloths.

"If, then, elemental locomotion can be made to supersede the expensive unproductive system of animate labour now in use it will undoubtedly be for the vital interest of all classes of society that the substitution should be realised speedily and extensively. That steam can be so applied, has been satisfactorily proved by the report of the committee of the House of Commons, in which it was expressed as an opinion that 'the substitution of inanimate power for animal power, in draught or common roads, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal improvement ever introduced.' " It would be needless here to particularize the evidence adduced before the committee, and I may only refer to what was said by Colonel Torrens, M. P. "With respect (says he) to the demand for labour, that demand consists of the quantity of food and raw materials which can be cheaply obtained; and, as by the supposition the displacing of horses will leave at liberty more food, and more material, the demand for labour will ultimately be greatly increased, instead of being diminished. If steam-carriages could ultimately be brought to such perfection as entirely to supersede draught horses on the common roads (not including horses used for other commercial, and for agricultural purposes), there would be food and demand for eight millions of persons. But when we take further into consideration, that lowering the expense of carriage would enable us to extend cultivation over soils which cannot now profitably be tilled, and would have the further effect of enabling us to apply, with a profit, additional portions of labour and capital to the soils already under tillage, I think it not unfair to conclude, that were elementary power on the common roads completely to supersede draught horses, the population, wealth, and power of Great Britain, would at least be doubled. In point of fact, superseding horses by mechanical power would have precisely the same effect in increasing the population and the wealth of England, as would be produced were we to increase the extent of the country, by adding thereto a new and fertile territory, equal in extent to all the land which now breeds all the horses employed upon common roads. Such addition to the extent of fertile territory in England, suddenly effected, would, in the first instance, lower the value of agricultural produce, and be injurious to the proprietors of the old portion of the territory; but no person would therefore contend, that if we could enlarge the island of Great Britain, by additional tracts of fertile land, the public interests would be injured by such enlargement. This would be monstrously absurd. It is not less absurd to object to the increase of food available for human beings, by substituting mechanical power for horses."

My readers may now perhaps be satisfied with what has been said on a topic which has in various shapes already excited a good deal of controversy, and which appears to have been strangely obscured by the elaborate essays of a certain description of political economists. In my humble opinion, it requires neither books nor intricate disquisitions to elucidate those principles which govern the production and consumption of food by man. The very simple facts I have here chosen to bring undisguisedly forward, might, I think, convince every one who does not prefer the mystifications of theorists to plain sense and plain truth, that the doctrine, as to the means of subsistence, having a constant disposition to fall beneath the demand for food, rests on no sure foundation—is irrational in its character, and in reality, amounts to a scandalous, though perhaps unintentional, libel on the beneficent designs of Providence.

"O WALY, WALY."

Among the ballads of Scotland supposed to refer to real circumstances in private life, we hardly find one which possesses such touching tenderness and melancholy pathos as that beginning—

"O waly, waly, up ye bank
And waly, waly, down ye brae.
And waly, waly, by ye burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae."

"Waly, waly," is a Scottish interjection of bewailment, and, with the remainder of the ballad, refers to a dark and treacherous transaction, in connexion with the fate of a Marchioness of Douglas. The story on which the ballad has been founded, may be related in a few words.

James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married, at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September 1670

Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who, on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the tutor, and sometimes the laird, of Blackwood. Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain, or factor, to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of Iago, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The Earl came with a large retinue to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The Marquis himself was so overcome by the parting of his wife and child—for she had now borne a son—that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness.

The unhappy pair now parted, the lady lamenting her miserable fate—

New Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Oh, Martinus wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
Oh, gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that waries me!

Arthur's Seat is a conspicuous rocky hill rising on the east side of Edinburgh, and St. Anton's, or St. Anthony's Well, a fountain which springs from its base, near the ruins of a small chapel and hermitage, the tenant of which it must have supplied with water. This pleasing classic spot has been shockingly abused in recent times. The explanation here given of the occasion of the ballad is countenanced by local circumstances. The forlorn Marchioness, in alluding to the period when she was an honoured wife, speaks of a visit to Glasgow, a city near to her husband's residence and estates; in alluding to her present degraded condition, when residing with her father at Edinburgh, she introduces Arthur's Seat and St. Anthony's Well, two objects of note in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

Regarding the ultimate fate of the Marchioness, I am altogether ignorant. The ballad concludes in mentioning, that at last a reconciliation took place between her and her husband, and, for the sake of human nature and injured innocence, it is to be hoped that such was the case. Her son was afterwards a personage of some historical note. When only eighteen years of age, he raised the 20th, or Cameronian regiment, a band originally associated in 1689, for the purpose of protecting the convention of estates at Edinburgh, while the measure of the revolution was in agitation, but which he afterwards led abroad to fight in King William's French wars. He was killed, in the act of leading on the regiment, at the battle of Steinkirk, in 1692, when only twenty-one years of age. The Marquis of Douglas married a second wife, who bore him the noted Archibald Duke of Douglas, Lady Jane Douglas, and other children; and thus, what is a very strange circumstance, the venerable Lord Douglas, who died in 1837, was but grandson to the "fausse love" who sent the heroine a "Waly, waly," to take her couch on Arthur's Seat, and slake her thirst at St. Anton's Well, in the decade of 1670.

The traitorous Lowrie, laird of Blackwood, distinguished himself in the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II. He had been accessory to the insurrection of 1666, and was condemned to death for his concern in the affair of Bothwell Bridge, but was pardoned. Fountainhall describes him as a man disliked by people of every party and every condition. It seems that Archibald Duke of Douglas used to take great pleasure in hearing the ballad sung, and that an old woman who had been dairy-woman at Douglas Castle was frequently sent for by his Grace to sing it to him. As she doled out the verses to their slow melancholy tune, his Grace wheeled round the room in a gilded chair, muttering imprecations against Lowrie, and sometimes exclaiming aloud, "Oh, that Blackwood must have been a detestable soul!" It says something for the heart of the Duke, whatever his general conduct in life says for his head, that he should have thus bewailed the treachery by which his father had permitted himself to be so grievously imposed upon. The old woman who sung the ballad to his Grace usually got a bottle of wine home in her lap, as her minstrel guard.—(From "THE SCOTTISH BALLADS, collected and illustrated by Robert Chambers.")

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried turbot, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fish-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep

science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."—"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight in a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."—"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"My life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"—"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Maelstrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulph of death, but could not discern his deliverer. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year—" "In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly.—"Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your

goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederickstadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth; and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat, brought by Brande her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake."—"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans—"Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!"—"The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured.—"My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofresfield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—"Not to-night!" said Claribell; "a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed."—"Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shivered his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence.—"All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well."—"He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the earth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance. "Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "will you be my wife to-morrow?"—"I am the lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold, and bade me keep it as your dowry."—"Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubies, and on her lover's face—"Brande, you have murdered him!"—"With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But pre-

sently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.—"Sir," said Claribell in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hand—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein-deer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half famished, bestowed upon them. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage contract—"Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it." Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eyelashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter.—"Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a despairing gesture—"Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"—"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—"and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority conveyed the whole family to the hall of the vicero's deputy. There, heedless of their toil-some journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination, with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment, in the mine of Coningsburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians! I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."—"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."—"The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "I accuse him!" At this awful cry, from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorcerer exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed.—"There was but one witness, and I go to him!"—"With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet, and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy; leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide.—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendant of the miners; "and that white haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice."—"The woman is his widow then?" said the viceroy shuddering.—"No, my lord;—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours; that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us."—"While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave, and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be

with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon, to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.—"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.—"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter, as he held him close to his heart.—"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself:—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by a union with your virtues."—*European Magazine.*

VICIOUS FORMS OF SPEECH AND COMPOSITION.

Few even of the greatest writers are so perfectly conversant with the anatomy of the English language, as to be free from occasional improprieties: far less can the mass of the people be expected to avoid such errors in common speech. We think that it is impossible to write or speak too correctly, and it will be allowed that the greater part of the vicious forms of speech and composition might be prevented by a small degree of attention. We therefore submit a few corrections of the more obvious blunders in general use, for the purpose of putting every one on his guard.

Both, whether as a numeral, or as a conjunction, ought to be applied to no more than two objects of sentences.

Whether; a similar remark applies to this word, which in reality is a contraction of "which of the either," that is, which of two objects. *Whether* is too frequently applied to three objects.

Couple, which simply implies the juncture of two objects, cannot properly be used in reference to separate objects. "A couple of shillings," for instance, is an error.

The former and latter can only be used properly in respect of two objects.

Neither (or not either) is only applicable to two objects.

Every, and *each*, being singular ideas, ought never to be used as plurals. The error of so using them is very common.

At is the proper preterite of eat. Eat is now generally used as the preterite—a vulgar mistake arising from the pronunciation. Sir Walter Scott, who is nearly the most careless writer of the day, and whose writings abound in provincialisms, uses *eat* as the preterite.

Bade is the proper preterite of bid. Bid is often used as the preterite, an error similar to that just alluded to.

Lay is the proper preterite of lie. It is also the present of a verb, signifying to deposit. Care ought to be taken not to use it as the present of the former verb, which is often done.

Bidden, ridden, written, spoken, are the past participles of bid, ride, write, speak. We often hear people say, "He was spoke to;" "I have wrote to him;" "Eclipse was rode by Jenkins." Nothing could be more vulgarly erroneous.

Drank is the proper past participle of Drink. Fastidious people have lately got into a way of saying, "His health was drank;" Drank is the Preterite, and cannot be thus used without a palpable fracture of the skull of Priscian.

Don't, won't, and can't, though admitted as colloquial English, are not good contractions. We could forgive them, however, if people would avoid using *don't* in the third person singular. "He does not" can never be properly abbreviated into "He don't." This error, vulgar as it is, advances apace in good English society.

Had better, had rather. These are vulgar absurdities, arising, perhaps, from the desire of brevity. "I had rather" must have originally been "I would rather," contracted into "I'd rather." There is a singularly vile Scottishism—"I had oblige to do so and so." It should be, "I was obliged."

Short-lived, long-lived, should be short-lived, long-lived.

Above, as an adjective. "The above statement may be relied on." Above, being an adverb, can never be correctly used as an adjective. It is, however, very commonly employed in that capacity.

Then, as an adjective. "The then Earl of Winchelsea." Nothing can be more vicious.

A great many, a good many, a few; here a singular article is used with plural nouns. These are very incorrect forms of language.

Quantity is often used in reference to objects susceptible of numeration. It is only applicable to an object capable

of increase or decrease, not by numeration. Differ with, different to, very bad. From is the only correct particle to use with differ and its derivatives. Disagree with is proper, because agree there governs, not the dis.

Supported by subscription, which simply means by underwriting, might be improved into "supported by contribution."

Lieutenant. Why should this be pronounced *lef-tenant*? Can it be because the *u* in *lieu* was once written *v*? An error similar to that which makes the Mackenzies in Scotland be called Mackenzies, and the name of Menzies be spelt Menzies, the *y* being mistaken by transcribers for *i*.

Beside means *over and above*, and occasionally *except*. To say, "sit beside me," or to use the word in any way as implying place, is incorrect.

Animal. It is generally supposed that this word is only applicable to quadrupeds, as *beast* certainly is. It is in reality applicable to any creature having life and breath.

Without, in the sense of *unless*, is certainly a vulgarism.

Often is decidedly wrong.

Men's minds, the horses' heads. Here the abbreviate of the singular *his* is used or implied for the plural *their*. Nothing can be more incorrect. "The minds of men," and "the heads of the horses," are the proper phrases.

Those sort of things ought to be this sort of things.

Progress, as a verb—an Americanism. What fault can be found with the good old English word *advance*?

Man-milliner seems to be both vulgar and wrong. Milliner, from its masculine termination, should certainly be applicable to males; and the word should be altered for the ladies.

Last night, last evening. These are poor substitutes for the fine old English sound of *yesternight*.

Antiquarian is often used for *Antiquary*. The former is the adjective, the latter the noun.

ITALY AND ITS SCENERY.

ITALY is a country more interesting from the historical associations connected with it than almost any other region on the globe, with the exception of Greece. The following vivid description of this beautiful territory is from the poetical pen of Vieusseux, in his work entitled "Italy and the Italians."

It is in the southern division that we find the true classical ground of Italy; the land of antiquities, and of mighty recollections; the land of the fine arts. It is chiefly in the south that belong the romantic scenes described by poets and travellers; the beautiful moonlight nights; the glowing azure of the sky; the dark blue sea; the purple-tinted mountains; the forests of orange, lemon, and olive trees. There you find men lawless and impassioned; and female beauty,

'Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.'

There the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, and the Madonnas of Raphael, had originals in nature. There Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello were inspired. The wonders of Michael Angelo, the Temple of St. Peter, as well as the Coliseum and the Pantheon, are there to be found. It is the country of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Tasso; it was the birth-place of Scipio, of Cæsar, and of Cicero.

The north of Italy is the country of plenty; less poetical, but better cultivated. It has also its recollections of glorious deeds and great men, although of a more recent date and less imposing aspect. It has produced Doria, Titian, Corregio, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Canova. The north has given the best soldiers; the south the keenest politicians. The southern painters excel in the genius of composition, and in the boldness of design; the northern ones, in the delicacy and warmth of tints, and in the softness of outlines. The architecture of the south is colossal and imposing; that of the north is more finished and convenient.

The scenery of the two countries is not less varied. The north is, for the greater part, a fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers, divided into well-cultivated fields and gardens; full of towns and villages, inhabited by a numerous and industrious race. The landscape is luxuriant, but monotonous; roads wide, level, and straight, never-ending avenues and trees; the misty glimpse of the distant Alps and Apennines is the only thing that relieves the sleepy dulness of the scene. In the south, on the contrary, the landscape varies every twenty miles. There are to be seen delightful valleys, surrounded by stupendous crags; torrents fearfully swelled at one time of the year, and rolling their foaming waters with the noise of thunder, and at other scenes reduced to scanty rivulets, bubbling over the pebbles of their rocky beds; wide, uncultivated plains, strewn with ruins of former greatness, inhabited by wild buffaloes, and wilder men; and in the midst of these the proudest city in the world lifting its melancholy head. Further inland are seen ruinous castles and towers, perched upon almost inaccessible peaks, among beautiful forests of chestnut trees, and wild, solitary glens.

More to the south, the rich plains of Campania and of Apulia, the lovely shores of Parthenope, encircled by the frowning Apennines, which rise bolder, and higher, and wilder, as they extend further south; until at last, being narrowly confined between the two seas, they invade the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and heap their dark summits in the province of Calabria. There, at the extremity of Italy, exists a race of men little known to the rest of Europe, and as savage as the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Albania; living in an almost primitive state; full of uncultivated genius; ignorant, but intelligent; individually courageous, but unruly, ferocious, and impatient of discipline; faithful to their friends, but revengeful to the last against their enemies; capable of the darkest, as well as of the most heroic deeds.

The Italians of the north have less of those peculiar features which mark the fallen descendants of ancient Rome. They resemble more their neighbours, the French, Swiss, and Germans, with whom they have been long in contact, and from whom they have imbibed habits of greater comfort, of artificial luxury, of social discipline. They are of tamer manners; their ideas are more on a level with those of the rest of Europe; they have more the features of a modern nation; and are more likely to form one; they have, in short, the good and the bad qualities of modern civilized Europe.

The Italians of the south (with the exception of Tuscany in some respects) are yet much behind in modern improvements, or modern refinement. They have more characteristic traits of their own to distinguish them from their nations; they have more of the personal independence of half-civilised people, although living under absolute governments; they have stronger passions, but they have also greater enthusiasm for the beautiful, especially in the works of art and music. South Italy is essentially the country of painting and of song.

In the midst of this magic land rise three great cities, the resorts of the traveller—all three beautiful, and famed, although each of them totally different from the other two. Florence, the city of Italian society, Italian urbanity and elegance, and also of polite literature. Rome, the city of monuments, of religious pomp and splendour, and of the arts; the seat also of a certain solemnity and dignity which is more peculiarly her own, and becomes her name and former state. Naples, at last, gay and thoughtless, the city of voluptuousness, the syren of Italy, the spoiled favourite of a too bountiful nature, the seat of epicurism mixed with some degree of Greek refinement, the country of the senses, but the country also of the imagination."

CHARACTER OF FISH.

It would appear that the character of fish has been generally misrepresented or misunderstood, and Sharon Turner, in his "Sacred History," recently published, takes in hand to set right on the subject. "The general character of fish (says he) is not that of voracity and hostility. It is gentleness, harmlessness, sociability, and animation. They are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonizing together, without any display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be the food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose when the appetite actuates, but no farther. But they cannot be justly stigmatised as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, venison, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on, but we have no malice, or ill will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potato. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on molluscs, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as specially provided for such as use them as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for, at the particular seasons, the ocean is made to swarm with them, for no other visible purpose than that the fish may derive nutrition from them. The molluscs, which supply so many of the natives of the sea with their subsistence, are therefore endowed with a power of multiplication, which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty invertebrate animals, of various species, so sedulously provided for the nutriment of the fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance, or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. If some species of fish are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the gannivorous quadrupeds, who pass the day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication; for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil though ever-eating cow, who takes 100lbs. of grass in the day? But there are some facts which indicate that the fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that, however it may be with some particular classes or at particular seasons, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food; they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment. Even the pike which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach, an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence, for herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea caterpillar in their voyage. The lamprey tribe are confessedly small, or no eaters. Many facts of this sort will be recollected by the intelligent naturalist, which will lead him to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny world do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance. The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being, in its general prevalence, is impressively exhibited by most of its largest tribes. The great Greenland whale pursues no other animal, leads an inoffensive life, and is harmless in proportion to its strength to do mischief. The massy sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable narwhal, or sea unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of offence, displays the same disposition. The Oroonoko manati, which

has been found so huge in bulk that 27 men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some are twenty-eight feet long, and weigh eight thousand pounds, are likewise gentle and peaceable animals. These mightier chiefs of the finny nation are the true representatives of its general character. All are for the most part the same mild, playful, animated, and unoffending beings, and have been so designed and organized, habited and stationed, as to be continually of this placid temperament."

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC PRINCE.

Many distinguished persons, from a disease in the imagination, have fallen into strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the Memoirs of Count de Maurepas, there is an account given of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a plant, and, as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost. It is somewhat remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriasm is doubtless produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and a want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman or an industrious artisan falling into that diseased state of the imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or disembodied spirits.

THE EARL OF CAITHNESS AND JAMES IV.

Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity is inscribed is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear green, or cross the *Ord* (a huge mountain betwixt Caithness and Sutherland) on a Monday, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland, on his way towards the south.

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

"I felt the ennobling pride of learning. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our energies. The struggle after knowledge, too, is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another." "The high poetic talent—as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a wild, although beautiful error of nature—the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation."—*Contarini Fleming*.

NON BAPTISING OF THE RIGHT HAND.

In the border counties of Scotland it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of small children unbaptized, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the popular phrase, "unballed" blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in *Campion's History of Ireland*, published in 1633. "In some corner of the land they used a sinful superstition, leaving the right arms of their infants, males, unbaptized (as they termed it), to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."

FIGHT WITH A LION.

A gentleman of our party had a perilous adventure with a lion, he having enjoyed the singular distinction of lying for some moments in the very clutches of the royal quadruped. The main features of the anecdote afford a striking illustration of the sagacity of the elephant, and may be strictly depended upon. A lion had charged my hero's elephant, and he, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah (or car on the back of the elephant) suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal

termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout or servant, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and, grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the loins of the lion—and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold. My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders. The lion was afterwards slain by the other sportsmen who came up.—*Captain Mundy's Sketches of India.*

THE MINISTER AND THE COLLIER.

A Fife clergyman, of very gentle disposition, one Sunday came upon a pair of Borrowstownness colliers, who had come over the Frith of Forth, and made a piratical descent upon one of his bean-fields. Disposed to take pacific measures with the offenders, the worthy man began to represent to them, in the first place, the sin of thus violating the sanctity of the sabbath; in the second, the wickedness of destroying so much of his property while in an unripe state, and when it could be of so little service to themselves. "Stay," he entreated, "till the beans are ripe, and, if you will not steal any before that time, I shall willingly give you a whole peck as a sort of reward for your patience and honesty."—"A peck!" cried one of the wretches, in a tone of mingled astonishment and scorn; "a peck! gae wa' mau, we wadna tak your bow (boll)!"

THE EAGLE AND THE STOAT.

Brown, in his *Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*, relates the following interesting incident in relation to the *stoat*, a small animal resembling the weasel:—"A group of haymakers, while busy at their work on Chapelhow meadow, at the upper end of St. Mary's Loch (or rather of the Loch of the Lowes, which is separated from it by a narrow neck of land), saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclose the narrow valley. The eagle himself was, indeed, no unusual sight; but there is something so imposing and majestic in the flight of this noble bird, while he soars upwards in spiral circles, that it fascinates the attention of most people. But the spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing: he used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he had been alarmed and hurried by unusual agitation; and they noticed, at the same time, that he wheeled in circles that seemed constantly decreasing, while his ascent was proportionally rapid. The now idle haymakers drew together in close consultation on the singularity of the case, and continued to fix their attention on the seemingly distressed eagle, who rose perpendicularly, until he was nearly out of sight in the concave recess of the blue ether. In a short time, however, they were all convinced that he was again seeking the earth, evidently not as he ascended, in spiral curves; his descent was like something falling, and with great rapidity. As he approached the ground, they plainly perceived that he was tumbling like a shot bird; the convulsive fluttering of his wide and powerful pinions but slightly impeding the rapidity of his descent, until he fell at a small distance from the men and boys of the party, who had naturally run forward, highly excited by the strange occurrence. A large black tailed stoat ran from the body as they came near, turned with the usual *nunchalance* and impudence of the tribe, stood up upon its hind legs, crossed its fore paws over its nose, and surveyed its enemies a moment or two (as they frequently do, when no dog is near), and bounded into a willow bush. The king of the air was dead; and, what was more surprising, he was covered with his own blood; and, upon farther examination, they found his throat cut. It was clear that the stoat must have been the regicide."

SINGING.

The American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists of psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life, and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."—*Harmonicon.*

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

A leg of mutton in its last stage of scraggism, is sometimes (in Scotland) devilled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of "a poor man of mutton," or more briefly, "a poor man." It is related by Dr. Jamieson, in his Dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an inn at London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered, with a yawn, "I dare say I could take a bit of a poor man." "A bit of what?" inquired the landlord. "A bit of a poor man," repeated his lordship. "The Lord have a care of my poor soul!" cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom; nor could he be prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlour.

EMIGRATION.—PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"WHEN travelling through the settlements of Prince Edward Island (continues Mr. Macgregor, in his work on British America), we discover the inhabitants to consist of Englishmen, who, though fewer than any others in numbers, are found from almost every county in England; Scotchmen, who form more than one-half of the population, from the Highlands, Hebrides, and the southern counties; American loyalists; and a few Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. The whole population may be estimated at 35,000. The English settlers, although for some time discontented with their condition, are generally found to thrive, particularly those from Yorkshire; and they are much more attentive to in-door comfort and cleanliness than most other settlers.

The Highland Scotch, particularly those who settled first in the colony, and their descendants, are exceedingly regardless of domestic cleanliness or neatness, while they are at the same time in much better circumstances than they would be in their native country. The Lowland Scotch make probably the best settlers, at least those who have, during late years, removed to the island, may be considered so; and the Perthshire Highlanders, as well as those sent to the colony by the late Earl of Selkirk, may also be classed among the most thriving part of the population. The American loyalists, who removed to the island after the revolutionary war, are generally most industrious in their occupations. They live very comfortably, and are extremely ingenious, building their own houses, are carpenters and joiners, make their own shoes, ploughs, harrows, carts, sledges, cabriolets, &c. The women spin, knit, and weave linens, cottons, and woolen cloth for domestic use. The Irish emigrants soon better their condition in this colony; but they are certainly a less steady class of settlers than any other. There are about 5000 Acadian or Nova Scotian French on the island, and these profess the Roman Catholic religion. Their priests are educated in Canada. The Indians, who wander about the colony, are now few in number.

The inhabitants of the colony, particularly the old farmers, are hospitable, kind, and obliging, and, generally speaking, a moral people. Litigation, which the timber business, and the credit given by the tavern-keepers and small shopkeepers, have produced, and the low price of rum, form the sole causes of immorality, and the most baneful evils connected with the island. The farmers are employed during the winter in attending to their cattle, thrashing out their corn, cutting and hauling home fire-wood for winter use, and a stock of fuel for summer; these occupations, with many other little matters connected with his farm, house, and markets, engage the constant attention of a managing industrious man. The farmers' wives and daughters are generally very industrious, decorous, and correct, and strictly domestic and attentive to household duties. They assist in the labours of the farm during seed-time, hay-making, and harvest, and, during winter, prepare their flax and wool for spinning and knitting, and many of them also weave their home-spun cloth. The different denominations of religion that have places of worship, are the Church of England, as established by law, the Kirk of Scotland, Scottish dissenters, Roman Catholics, Methodists, and Baptists. All the members of these professions associate together as neighbours, and frequently attend the places of worship of each other with great good feeling. There is in Charlotte Town a very respectable grammar-school, a school on the Madras system, and schools in most of the settlements for elementary instruction. The Legislative Assembly vote money for the partial support of these schools. The island is governed by a lieutenant-governor, a council, and a House of Assembly of eighteen representatives, elected by the people.

As to the prospects which this colony may present to persons in the United Kingdom who are desirous of emigrating, not more than 20,000 acres, if so much, are held by the crown. Woodlands in convenient situations may, however, be purchased for from 10s. to 2l. per acre; and leases in perpetuity, or what amounts to the same thing, for 999 years, can be obtained for the annual rent of from 1s. to 2s. per acre, and in some situations for less. So that, taking into consideration the advantages of residing in the vicinity of well-disposed society, the opportunity that is afforded of having children instructed in the rudiments of education, of roads communicating between all the settlements, of corn-mills and saw-mills being almost every where in the neighbourhood, and having the convenience and benefit, by living near the shipping ports, of ready markets for the produce of the land or sea, it may be reasonably concluded, that the terms on which lands are now to be had in this island are much more favourable than those on which they can be had in the United States.

It is curious and interesting to observe the progress which a new settler makes in clearing and cultivating a wood farm, from the period he commences in the forest, until he has reclaimed a sufficient quantity of land to enable him to follow the mode of cultivation he practised in his native country. As the same course is, with little variation, followed by all new settlers in every part of America, the following description may, to avoid repetition, be considered applicable to all the British American settlements:—"The first object is to select the farm among such vacant lands as are most desirable, and after obtaining the necessary tenure, the settlers commences, usually assisted in his first operations by the nearest inhabitants, by cutting down the trees on the site of his intended habitation, and those growing on the ground immediately adjoining. This operation is performed with the axe, by cutting a notch on each side of the tree, about two feet above the ground, and rather more than half through on the side it is intended the trees should fall on. The lower edges of these notches are cut horizontally, the upper

making an angle of about 60° with the ground. The trees are all felled in the same direction, and after lopping off the principal branches, cut into ten or twelve feet lengths. On the spot on which the house is to be erected, theseunks are rolled away, and the smaller parts cleared off, or burnt. The habitations which the new settlers first erect are all nearly in the same style, and in imitation of, or altogether like, the dwellings of an American back-woodsman, constructed in the rudest manner. Round logs from fifteen to twenty feet long, without the least dressing, are laid horizontally over each other, and notched in at the corners to allow them to come along the walls, within about an inch of each other. One is first laid on each side to begin the walls, then one at each end, and the building is raised in this manner, by a succession of logs crossing and binding each other at the corners, until the wall is six or seven feet high. The seams are closed with moss or clay; three or four rafters are then raised to support the roof, which is covered with boards, or more frequently with the rinds of birch or fir-trees, and thatched with spruce branches, or, if near the seacoast, with a long marine grass, which is found in quantities along the shores. Poles are laid over this thatched together with birch withes, to keep the whole set curesly down. A wooden frame-work, placed on a slight foundation of stone roughly raised a few feet above the ground, leads through the roof, which, with its sides closed up with clay and straw kneaded together, forms the chimney. A space large enough for a door, and another for a window, is cut through the walls; and, in the centre of the cottage, a square pit or cellar is dug for the purpose of preserving potatoes or other vegetables during winter; over this pit a floor of boards, or logs hewed flat on the upper side, is laid, and another over head, to form a sort of garret. When the door is hung, a window-sash, with six or nine, or sometimes twelve panes of glass, is fixed, and one, two, or three truckle beds are put up; the habitation is then considered ready to receive the new settler and his family. Although such a dwelling has certainly nothing handsome, comfortable, or even attractive, unless it be its rudeness in appearance, yet it is by no means so miserable a lodging as the habitations of the poorer peasantry in Ireland, and in some parts of England and Scotland. In a few years, however, a much better house is built, with two or more rooms, by all industrious settlers. Previous to commencing the cultivation of woodlands, the trees that are cut down, lopped, and cut into lengths, are, when the proper season arrives, generally in May, set on fire, which consumes all the branches and small wood. The logs are then either piled in heaps and burnt, or rolled away for fencing. Those who can afford the expense use oxen to haul off the large unconsumed timber. The surface of the ground, and the remaining wood, is all black and charred; working on it and preparing it for the seed is as disagreeable probably as any labour in which a man can be engaged. Men, women, and children, however, must employ themselves in gathering and burning the rubbish, and in such parts of labour as the strength of each adapts them to. If the ground be intended for grain, it is sown without tillage over the surface, and the seed covered with a hoe. By some a triangular harrow is used in place of the hoe, to shorten labour. Others break up the earth with a one-handed plough (the old Dutch plough), which has the share and coulter locked into each other, drawn also by oxen, while a man attends with an axe to cut the roots in its way. Little regard is paid in this case to making straight furrows, the object being no more than to work up the ground. With such rude preparation, however, three successive good crops are raised without any manure. Potatoes are planted in round hollows, scooped four or five inches deep, and about twenty in circumference, in which three or five sets are planted, and covered over with a hoe. Indian corn, cucumbers, pumpkins, peas, and beans, are cultivated in new lands in the same manner as potatoes. Grain of all kinds, turnip, hemp, flax, and grass seeds, are sown over the surface, and covered by means of a hoe, rake, or harrow. Wheat is generally sown on the same ground, the year after potatoes, without ploughing, but covering the seed with a rake or harrow, and oats are sown on the same land the following year. Some farmers—and it is certainly a prudent plan—sow timothy, or clover seed, the second year, along with the wheat, and afterwards let the ground remain under grass until the stumps of the trees can be easily got out, which usually requires three or four years. With little additional labour, these obstructions to cultivation might be removed the second year. The roots of spruce, birch, and beech, decay soonest; those of pine and hemlock scarcely decay in an age. After the stumps are removed from the soil, and those natural hillocks called cradle hills, which render the whole of the forests of America full of inequalities of from one to three feet high, are levelled, the plough may always be used, and the system of husbandry followed that is most approved of in England or Scotland. When the soil is exhausted by cropping, which, on alluvial lands, is scarcely ever the case, various manures may be procured and applied. In many parts of America, limestone, gypsum, &c. are abundant, but little else except stable dung is ever used. Composts are rarely known; and different manures, that would fertilize the soil, are so much disregarded, that, generally speaking, the cultivation of the soil is conducted in so slovenly a manner, that it appears astonishing how many of the settlers raise enough to support their families. In this island, within many of the bays and rivers, numerous banks of mussel-mud abound, which consists of mussels, shells, and mud, composed of decayed vegetable and other substances. This forms an extremely rich manure, containing about forty-five parts of the carbonate of lime, and imparts extraordinary fertility for ten or twelve years to the soil. Sea weed, or ware which is thrown on the shores, especially

on the north side of the island, in great quantities, is another excellent manure, particularly for barley crops; and even the common mud which abounds in the creeks may be applied as a manure with advantage."

ENGLISH ODDITIES.

THE peculiar and odd practices of the English have been frequently satirised, and to make the satire itself an instance of oddity, it has been as often levelled by the English themselves as by foreign writers. Goldsmith manifested a strong perception of what was ridiculous in our manners when he wrote his *Citizen of the World*; and a similar faculty has been shown by Southey, in his *Letters of Esopilla*, from which the following passage may be quoted:—

Yesterday I went to see a show of tulips, as it is called, about three miles from town. The bed in which they were arranged, each in its separate pot, was not less than fifty *sars* in length, covered with a linen awning the whole way, and with linen curtains at the sides, to be let down if the wind should be violent, or the rain beat in. The first sight of this long gallery of flowers was singular and striking; and faint as the odour of the tulip is, the many thousands which were here collected together formed a very perceptible and sweet fragrance. The few persons present were brother florists, or amateurs of the science, and the exhibitor himself was a character quite new to me. Never before had I seen such perfect and complete enjoyment as this man took in his tulips; he did not seem to have a single wish, or thought, or idea beyond them; his whole business from one end of the year to the other was to nurse them up, and here they were in full bloom and beauty. The price of one, he told us was twenty guineas; another only ten; some were forty, fifty, as high as a hundred; there was one on which no price could be set—he did not know its value—indeed it was invaluable. We saw Julius Caesar, and the Great Mogul, and Bonaparte, and St. George, and the Duke of Marlborough. "This," said he, "is poor Louis XVI.;—here's Pompey;—that's Washington, he's a grand fellow!" and he looked up in our faces with a feeling so simple and so serious, that it was evident his praise was solely designed for the flower. I ventured to admire one, and, as you may suppose, only betrayed my ignorance; it was a vulgar flower, and had no name; they told me it was *Arakly*, by which term they meant that it was veined with colours which spread into the white part of the leaf, and faded away;—the very thing for which I had admired it. It seems, the perfection of a tulip consists in its form; the lips of the cup should just incline inwards, and just be tipped with a colour which does not diffuse itself. When I knew their standard of perfection, I began to see with the eyes of a connoisseur, and certainly discovered beauties which would never have been perceptible to me in my state of ignorance.

He and his man, he told us, sat up alternately to watch the garden; yet, notwithstanding their vigilance, some thieves had got in a few nights before. "The fools!" said he, "they took about fifty yards of the cloth before they were disturbed, but never touched one of the tulips." His man appeared to be as devoutly attached to the pursuit as himself. I never saw such complete happiness as both these men felt in beholding the perfections of their year's labour, such sober and deep delight as was manifest in every word and gesture. . . . Never let me be told again that the pursuit of happiness is vain.

The tulip mania of the Dutch never raged in England, whatever you might imagine from this specimen; yet I have heard of one old gentleman who never was half a dozen leagues from his birth-place during his whole life, except once, when he went to Holland to purchase roots. There may be amateurs enough to make it not an expensive pursuit for the florist; and perhaps the number of persons, who, like us, give a shilling to see the exhibition, may be sufficient to pay for the awning; but I should think it can never be pursued for profit. The carnation, the ranunculus, and the auricula, have each their devotees, who have meetings to exhibit their choice specimens, and prizes for the most beautiful. These bring those flowers to a wonderful perfection, yet this perfection is less wonderful than the pains by which it is procured. Akin to the florists are the Columbarians or pigeon-fanciers, and the butterfly-breeders or Aurelians. . . . Even as any thing may become the object of superstition, an onion or a crocodile, an ape or an ape's tooth, so also any thing does for a pursuit.

There is, perhaps, no country in which the passion for collecting rarities is so prevalent as in England. The wealth of the kingdom, the rapidity with which intelligence is circulated, and the facility with which things are conveyed from one end of the island to the other, are instrumental causes; but the main cause must be the oddity of the people themselves. There is a popular notion which has originated, Heaven knows how, that a Queen Ann's farthing (the smallest coin they have) is worth 500*l.*; and some little while ago, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers offering one for sale at this price. This at once excited the hopes of every body who possessed one of these coins, for there are really so many in existence that the fictitious value is little or nothing. Other farthings were speedily announced to be sold by private contract—go where you would, this was the topic of conversation.

The passion for old china is confined to old women, and indeed is almost extinct. Medals are in less request since science has become fashionable; or perhaps the pursuit is too expensive; or it requires more knowledge than can be acquired easily enough by those who wish for the reputation of knowledge without the trouble of acquiring it. Minerals are now the most common objects of pursuit; engraved portraits form another, since a clergyman some forty years ago published a biographical account of all persons whose likenesses had been engraved in England. This is a mischievous taste, for you rarely or never meet an old

book here with the author's head in it; all are mutilated by the collectors; and I have heard that still more mischievous collections of engraved title-pages have been begun. The book-collectors are of a higher order—not that their pursuits necessarily implies knowledge; it is the love of possessing rarities, or the pleasure of pursuit, which in most cases actuates them;—one person who had spent many years in collecting large paper copies, having obtained nearly all which had ever been thus printed, sold the whole collection for the sake of beginning to collect them again. I shall bring home an English bookseller's catalogue as a curiosity; every thing is specified that can tempt the curious purchasers; the name of the printer, if he be at all famous; even the binder, for in this art they certainly are unrivalled. The size of the margin is of great importance. I could not conceive what was meant by a *tall copy*, till this was explained to me. If the leaves of an old book have never been cut smooth, its value is greatly enhanced; but if it should happen that they have been cut open the copy becomes inestimable.

The good which these collectors do is, that they preserve volumes which would otherwise perish; and this out-balances the evil which they have done in increasing the price of old books ten and twenty fold. One person will collect English poetry, another Italian, a third classics, a fourth romances; for the wiser sort go upon the maxim of having something of every thing, and every thing of something. They are in general sufficiently liberal in permitting men of letters to make use of their collections; which are not only more complete in their kind than could be found in the public libraries of England, but are more particularly useful in a country where the public libraries are rendered almost useless by absurd restrictions and bad management.

The species of minor collectors are very numerous. Some years ago many tradesmen issued copper money of their own, which they called tokens, and which bore the arms of their respective towns, or their own heads, or any device which pleased them. How worthless these pieces must in general have been, you may judge, when I tell you that their current value was less than two *quarts*. They became very numerous; and as soon as it was difficult to form a complete collection,—for while it was easy nobody thought it worth while,—the collectors began the pursuit. The very worst soon became the most valuable, precisely because no person had ever preserved them for their beauty. Will you believe me when I tell you that a series of engravings of these worthless coins was actually begun, and that a cabinet of them sold for not less than fifty pieces of eight? When the last new copper currency was issued, a shopkeeper in the country sent for a hundred pounds worth from the mint, on purpose that he might choose out a good specimen for himself. Some few geniuses have struck out paths for themselves; one admits no work into his library if it extends beyond a single volume; one is employed in collecting play-bills, another in collecting tea-pots, another in hunting for visiting cards, another in forming a list of remarkable surnames, another more amusingly in getting specimens of every kind of wig that has been worn within the memory of man. But the King of Collectors is a gentleman in one of the provinces, who with great pains and expense procures the halters which have been used at executions; these he arranges round his museum in chronological order, labelling each with the name of the criminal to whom it belonged, the history of his offence, and the time and place of his execution. In the true spirit of virtue, he ought to hang himself, and leave his own halter to complete the collection.

You will not wonder if mean vices should sometimes be found connected with such mean pursuits. At the sale of a virtuoso's effects, a single shell was purchased at a very high price; the buyer held it up to the company: "There are but two specimens of this shell," said he, "known to be in existence, and I have the other;"—and he set his foot upon it and crushed it to pieces.

GRAND CAIRO.

In Cairo you seek in vain to realize the magnificent descriptions of the oriental writers. The immense hills of rubbish on all sides of the city, which have been accumulating for ages, and which are still increased by what is brought out from Cairo daily on the backs of mules, prove the superior magnitude of the old city. But with regard to the general map of the buildings, the modern capital is perhaps as splendid as the famous "Maar" of old; the palaces of caliphs, and some other public buildings, might have beautified the latter, but most of the streets of Cairo have an extremely antique appearance, and present in architecture and materials, no doubt, a picture of what it was formerly. In extent, it is very inferior to Constantinople, and contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. But much of the former is taken up with gardens, whereas Cairo is almost destitute of these elegancies. The houses are built of brick of a dirty colour, and are more lofty, and the streets are wider than those of the capital of Turkey. The windows of lattice or frame-work of wood often project a couple of feet beyond the wall, and admit the view of what is passing without, and are at the same time screened from observation; here the inhabitants love to sit. The interior of the houses, from their construction and the position of the windows, has scarcely any sun—coolness and shade being studied as much as possible. The streets are unpaved, but hard; and to allay the dust and keep them cool, the inhabitants throw water over them. Camels loaded with skins of water are almost continually driven through them, and the water flows out on the path as they go along. A traveller is soon convinced that the orientals judge rightly in building their capitals with such narrow streets; it is quite a luxury in this climate to enter one. The height of the houses, and the projection of the upper stories, keep them always cool and shaded, and the burning sun is excluded. This city is chiefly supplied with

water from the Nile, in the conveyance of which to the different dwellings a vast number of camels are daily employed. The houses have all terraced roofs, and that of the consul's commands an extensive view of the city. It is delightful to rise by night, and walk there in the brilliant moonlight, which has the appearance of a tranquil and beautiful day. You can see to read with perfect ease. From thence you can look all around on the terraces of other dwellings, on which numbers of the inhabitants lie buried in sleep. During the greater part of the night you hear no sound in this wide capital, not even the tread of a passing traveller, or houseless Arab; nothing disturbs the impressive tranquillity of the hour, which strikes on the imagination. The lonely palm trees, scattered at intervals around, and rising high above the houses, are the only objects which break the view.—*Carré's Letters from the East.*

DRESS OF THE HAMBURGERS.

The dress of the men in Hamburg differs in no perceptible degree from our own. Some of the trades, however, have peculiar garbs; for instance, carpenters go about in cocked hats and leather aprons; while bakers are characterised by black waistcoats, and waiters at hotels by green aprons. The costume of the women of the lower orders is like that of some of the cantons of Switzerland. The straw hat is in the shape of a plate; the concave surface being applied to the head. A petticoat of coarse blue cloth depends from a dirty jacket without sleeves, and shoes with wooden bottoms and leather tops complete the grotesque figure. Unmarried women wear the hair braided into two tails, like those of China-men, hanging down their backs, and nearly touching the ground. Married women cut off one of these curious appendages; if they marry a second time, the other is amputated, and the whole hair concealed. It is singular that Tacitus, speaking of the ancestors of the Hamburgers—for such the Suevi probably were—remarks a peculiarity in their mode of dressing the hair. He observes that they braided and tied it up in a knot; and that they were thus distinguished from the rest of the Germans; while their slaves, like those of the neighbouring people, were kept shaven or close cropped. He adds that some of the other Germans braided their hair though only in youth; but the Suevi continued to do so even in old age; and their chiefs tied it in a knot on the top of their head (as the Sepoys do in India), to make themselves appear taller and more terrible to their enemies.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

THE TWO STORY-TELLERS.

The clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire (about the end of the last century) were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness, or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolized, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly contested struggle for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of right of precedence in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent but very long-winded story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel, and far more interesting tale. As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the tea-pot; and, so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival ample scope and verge enough, never indicated by word, or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last, as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked, "Ay, ye may stop noo—it's running out at the door!"

READ SERMONS.

The antipathy entertained by the Scotch of the lower orders against *read sermons*, is the subject of various good jokes in the country, but of none, perhaps, better than the following. A country clergyman, on the north side of the Forth, who had a most zealous respect for true religion and sound torism, was guilty of this fault to a great degree—was indeed, as his parishioners say, a *perfect slave to the paper*. At the acquittal of the late Queen Caroline, in 1821, the inhabitants of the village where this clergyman's manse stood, resolved on having an illumination as well as their neighbours; and the bellman was sent round to announce the event. In the course of his peregrinations, John stopped opposite the manse, and read his proclamation. The news of a radical illumination in the parish alarmed the minister extremely; he ran out, crying, "Stop, John, who had ye cry that? Ye souldna cry that, John." "Deed, Sir," answered John, "I'll just cry what I'm paid for, and ne'er speer wha gies me the paper." The minister, seeing that no good was to be done in this way, made to John, and snatching the paper from him, ran off. "Hoot, man," said the sardonic Scot, "ye needna rin sae fast; though ye canna tell your story wanting your paper, d'ye think I canna do wanting mine?"

A HIGHLANDMAN'S ANSWER.

A gentleman from the Highlands of Scotland, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there? Donald instantly replied, "Please your honour, I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!"

Column for Rural Economists.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

The golden pippin, one of the most celebrated and esteemed apples of this or perhaps any other country, has been considered by some of our modern writers on pomology to be in a state of decay, its fruit of inferior quality in comparison to that of former times, and its existence near its termination. I cannot for a moment agree with such an opinion, because we have facts annually before our eyes completely at variance with such an assertion. Any person visiting Covent Garden or the Borough markets during the fruit season, and indeed any other large market in the southern or mid-land counties of England, will find specimens of fruit as perfect and as fine as any which have been either figured or described by any writer whatever, either in this or any other country. In favourable situations, in many parts of the country, instead of the trees being in a state of rapid decay, they may be found of unusually large size, perfectly healthy, and their crops abundant; the fruit perfect in form, beautiful in colour, and excellent in quality. If the golden pippin be planted upon a good soil, on a dry bottom, and in a warm or sheltered situation, well exposed to the sun, where its blossoms are secured from cold blasts in the spring, and where it can ripen its wood perfectly, it will be found hardy, without exhibiting those alarming signs of decay which have been held out as a presage of its speedy death. — *Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

PROPAGATING PLANTS.

The propagation of plants is effected by the arts of increasing by eyes, striking from cuttings, laying, buddings, and grafting. Increasing by eyes is the simplest of all these methods; it consists in nothing but extracting a single system of life, or a bud from a given plant, placing it in due heat and moisture, and surrounding it with fitting food; and thus causing it to grow as a solitary individual, instead of as one of the community to which it originally belonged. Striking from cuttings is a slight modification of the last method. Instead of taking a single bud, a stem containing two, three, or more buds, is placed in circumstances fitted for the maintenance of its life. In this case, the chances of success are increased by the additional number of buds which are the subject of experiment. That bud which is nearest the bottom of the cutting emits its roots at once into the earth, and so establishes a communication between the general system of the cutting and the medium from which its food is to be derived ultimately; the roots of all the buds descend between the bark and the wood, until they reach the earth, into which they finally pass, like those of the first bud. Laying is nothing but striking from cuttings that are still allowed to maintain their connection with the mother plant by means of a portion at least of their stem. Budding and grafting are operations that equally depend for their success upon the property that buds possess of shooting roots downward and stems upward; but in these practices the roots strike between the bark and the wood of the stock, instead of into the earth, and form new layers of wood instead of subterraneous fibres. The success of such practices, however, depends upon other causes than those which influence the growth of cuttings. It is necessary that an adhesion should take place between the scion and the stock, so that when the descending fibres of the scion shall have fixed themselves upon the wood of the stock, they may not be liable to subsequent separation. No one can have studied the economy of the vegetable kingdom, without having remarked that there is a strong tendency to cohesion in bodies or parts that are placed in contact with each other. This cohesion will be always found to take place in the cellular tissue only, and never in the vascular tissue. In the stems of all such trees as are grafted by arborists, the cellular tissue is found alive only in the first place, that those parts, both in the stock and the scion, should be placed in contact. In regard to the medullary rays, these are so numerous and so closely placed that it is scarcely possible that a portion of one stem should be applied to another without the medullary rays of both touching each other at many points. In regard to the liber, as this is confined to a narrow strip in both stock and scion, great care must be taken that they are both placed as exactly in contact with each other as possible, so that the line of separation of the wood and bark should, in both stock and scion, be accurately adjusted. The success of grafting depends very much in attention to this.—*Ibid.*

INVERTING TREES.

In the course of ascertaining how far a circulation of sap is carried on in trees, some interesting facts have been determined by Mr. Knight and others with regard to the effect of inverting stems, or, in other words, of planting the superior part of the stem, and thus converting it into a root. If the stem of a plum or cherry tree, which is not too thick, be bent, and the top be put under ground, while the roots are gradually detached, in proportion as the former top of the stem becomes firmly fixed in the soil, the branches of the root will shoot forth leaves and flowers, and in due time will produce fruit.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

Oxalid acid has been successfully used to make old seeds germinate. They are put into a bottle of the acid until germination commences, which is generally in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when they are taken out and sown in the usual manner. Seeds from twenty to forty years old have been successfully treated in this way.

TO PRODUCE GRASSY LAWNS.

In the metropolis and its neighbourhood, the turf laid down in small gardens seldom lasts more than one season, and requires to be renewed at an expense, including the purchase of the turf and laying it down, of from 3d. to 4d. a square foot. Instead of being at this expense, if the ground to be turned were to be stirred up to the depth of three or four inches every spring, in the last week of March or the first week of April, and thickly sown with the following seeds, it would soon become green, and, if regularly sown, will remain as close and thick as any turf whatever during the whole summer; dying, however, in the succeeding winter, and requiring to be renewed in the spring. The grasses need for this purpose are: *Agrostis vulgaris var. tenerifolia*, *Festuca duriuscula*, *Festuca ovina*, *Cynosurus cristatus*, *Poa pratensis*, *Juncus hederifolius*, and *Trifolium minus*. These seeds are mixed together in equal portions, and are sown at the rate of from four to six bushels per acre. In lawns and shrubberies in the country, the turf frequently falls under large trees and in various other places. There is no cheaper or better mode of making good these spots, than by sowing the above mixture as early every spring as the situation and the soil will admit.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

PLANTING POTATOES WHOLE.

A correspondent of the "Gardener's Magazine," writing upon the above question, recommends that potatoes should be planted whole, and adds:—As a testimony, I will state an experiment of mine in 1835. I planted four plants, containing two eyes to each; four the crowns containing, perhaps, five or six eyes each; four small whole potatoes; four large whole ones (or what are termed ware potatoes). Now for the weight of the produce of each kind: the produce of the first four roots weighed 11lb., that of the second four, 11lb., that of the third four, 13lb., that of the fourth four, 11lb. I think this will make clear to any one, that the reverse of what is generally followed ought to be practised, viz.—to plant crowns, or whole potatoes, in lieu of a plant with two eyes. This is even the second trial I have made, and found it the same; but I was not so particular in the first experiment as in the second.

having determined by my eye, the difference was so obvious. I think this of the greatest importance to the agriculturist. If it hold good for an acre, what difference in the produce! The object of a little extra seed bears no comparison to the produce; and, beside, the labour of cutting is saved. The "Journal Etiranger" gives the following economical mode of procuring early potatoes:—Towards the end of February or the beginning of March, prepare a bed of fresh manure; cover it with sand, or very light earth, to the depth of about two or three inches; when the bed shall have become heated, cover the whole of its surface with peelings of potatoes, cut thicker than when the root is intended for culinary use. Place the peelings with the skin upwards, and all in contact with each other, in light earth, from two or three inches deep. This hot-bed is to be treated in the same way as others destined for forcing early crops, viz.—to be covered with matting, exposed at proper hours to the air and sun, and to be frequently watered. Vegetation will thus quickly proceed."

YARROW VISITED.

Written in September, 1814. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And is this Yarrow? This the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perish'd!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why!—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends on Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender haze brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profuse dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, useful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread
A softness still and holy:
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature:
And, rising from these lofty groves
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
You cottage seems a bower of bliss,
It promises protection
To all the nestling brood of thoughts
Sustained by chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on thy true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather:
And what if I enwreath my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And glad some notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought! which would I banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to lighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THESE stupendous cataracts, to which there is no resemblance in the Old World, and which form one of the greatest natural wonders of America, where the works of nature are all on a great scale, have been described a thousand times; but I have seldom seen a better account of them than that which is conveyed in the following detail of an emigrant from Scotland.

"By casting your eye on the map of North America (says he) you will easily conceive what an immense body of waters must be disgorged from these extensive lakes, or inland seas, situated to the north and west, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, with their innumerable tributary streams, all of which pass through the narrow channel of the River Niagara. The outlet of Lake Erie is at its eastern extremity, at Buffalo, and is about

five miles in breadth betwixt the Canadian and the United States shores, and here, properly, the river begins. Three miles farther down, at Black Rock, is the first regular ferry across, and the current runs here so rapidly that a steam-boat of the same power as those that ply on the Fifth of Forth, betwixt Leith and Kinghorn, generally makes a semicircle of frequently a mile or two on her passage across. The river is here divided by a beautiful and fertile island (Grand Island) belonging to the States, about twelve or thirteen miles in length, which contains some of the finest land, and some of the most picturesque scenes that I have seen in America. The distance from the island to either shore nowhere exceeds a mile, and in some places on the States side not more than two hundred yards. The channel here is very deep, and the current runs so smoothly, at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, that boats and canoes can pass and repass with ease and safety. Beneath Grand Island, or rather dovetailed into it, as it were, lies a small island belonging to Great Britain, a mile in length, called Nuddy Island, at the termination of which the river suddenly widens to about three miles betwixt Fort Snider on the States side, and Chippawa Village, at the mouth of Chippawa Creek, which forms the entrance to the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side. I mention these places so particularly, that you may be able to trace them on the map. The current here begins to run more swiftly, and continues to increase in velocity for two miles, when it arrives at what are called the Great Rapids. These constitute one of the most splendid objects imaginable, and to some they appear as beautiful, though certainly not so sublime, as the great fall itself. They are formed by numerous masses of rock that have been left alone to withstand the rude shocks of this prodigious accumulation of waters, the softer parts in some places having been washed away to a considerable depth by the constant action of the current. It is peculiarly beautiful on a fine summer evening to stand on the Canadian shore, at an elevation of a hundred feet above the river, and see the vast clouds of white foam ascending high in the air, sometimes beautifully tinged by the last rays of the setting sun, long after he has ceased to illumine the dark expanse beneath. There are also at irregular distances, shelving rocks, which appear to have been made of sterner stuff, which run completely across the river, forming numerous embankments, over which the waters roll and tumble with tremendous fury. It is altogether a magnificent scene, and what a painter would much delight to contemplate. These rapids continue battling with the current to the very brink of the great leap, a distance of rather more than a mile, and are divided by another small island, Goat Island, whose foundations may truly be said to be laid in the deep, and which, if it had been placed in the river Thames instead of the river Niagara, would, ere this, have been made a perfect paradise. A handsome bridge, about 150 yards in length, connects it with the village of Manchester. This bridge was built at considerable expense and risk; the workmen employed in its erection had to be secured by ropes tied round their waists, to prevent them being carried over the Falls, which are almost immediately beneath. It is an object of interest, to the tourist, as from the centre arch you have a beautiful view of the rapids, both up and down the river. You are already aware that this island, by dividing the river, makes two separate falls, but by far the largest portion of the waters goes down the Canada side. The breadth from the lower extremity of the island, where the river takes its awful leap, straight across to the British shore, may be about 500 yards, but, as the fall is something in the shape of a horse-shoe, the curve inwards, and deeply indented, the actual breadth is generally estimated at seven hundred or eight hundred yards; my own opinion is, that it cannot be short of half a mile. According to the best authorities of the many scientific men who have visited this place, the height from whence this huge body of water descends in one uninterrupted mass is one hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the river below. But to enable you to form any idea of this stupendous scene from description, is utterly impossible. I have gazed on it a hundred and a hundred times, and always with increased emotions of admiration, fear, and wonder. When standing on the brink of the awful precipice, you think that the foundations of the earth are falling asunder; the tremulous motion of the rocks beneath your feet, and even of the surrounding country to some distance, which is distinctly felt, and the mighty thundering of the waters as they descend into the gulf beneath, are enough to shake a person of the strongest nerve. I have stood upon Table Rock, which is a broad shelving projection 180 feet above the boiling caldron, until my quickening pulse and giddy head warned me to retire. I cannot tell you, nor is it possible to ascertain, the depth of the river for some distance, either above or below the falls; but it must be immense to admit the escape of so great a body of water in so narrow a channel. I have heard the noise of the cataract at a distance of twenty miles; and I believe in a dense atmosphere, and the wind blowing in a particular direction down the river, that it may be heard at double that distance. A very heavy spray rises, particularly in clear weather, many hundred feet above the falls, sometimes flying away and incorporating itself with the dark clouds in the extreme distance, but more frequently condensing, and falling on the surrounding country as the wind blows it; and woe betide the poor wretch who is caught in the rain. No Scottish mist ever fell on the brass of Lochaber, or ever wet an Englishman into the skin, quicker than would the spray which ascends from the Falls of Niagara. When the wind blows down the river, the passengers in the ferry-boat are obliged to use umbrellas. By far the finest view of these falls is from the Canadian side, for here you have both the Horse-shoe and the American Fall at once before you. This last mentioned is a

most beautiful sheet of water, and well worthy to hold the rank of the second wonder of the world of this kind, although not to be compared, in grandeur and sublimity, with the other. It is about 150 or 200 yards in breadth, and either, from its rocky bed being composed of harder materials, or from the greater weight of water coming down the British side, and wearing away that channel more rapidly, it is about twenty feet higher than the Horse-shoe. It does not fall into a gulf or caldron as the other does, but amongst huge rocks, where it dashes itself into an ocean of foam, and then rushes with tremendous velocity to join its former companion. Our immortal countryman, the author of the "Twa Brigs," might have imagined an interesting scene here betwixt the two genii of these falls congratulating each other after their terrible tumble. From Goat Island a handsome flight of steps, well secured, leads you down to the margin of the river, where Sam Patch, of unhappy memory, made his celebrated leap. A ladder was erected 120 feet high, with a platform at the top, from which he descended into the eddy, to the great disappointment of thousands who had come far and near, expecting to see him actually leap over the falls. But no living thing has ever gone over them and been seen again. The story of an Indian in a canoe having achieved this, is all a humbug. On the Canadian side there is also a stair-case by which you can descend to the river, and the strong-hearted and adventurous can, by means of a ledge of rocks, go 150 yards completely in under the great leap—a fearful place truly, and which you are glad to get out of again. Nevertheless, every one who has ventured there must admit that he has been amply rewarded for the risk he ran, in surveying the beauty and grandeur of such a scene. To say nothing of the immense body of waters above, beneath, and around you, which is truly awful, you have reflected before you on a fine day, when the sun shines full on the cascade, a succession of the most beautiful prismatic colours that can be imagined; it is altogether a lively scene, and which, once seen can never be forgotten. It is a matter of no little jeopardy, however, to get the length of Termination Rock, as the farther extremity of this pathway is called, for the shelf or jutting of the rock is in some places so narrow that a single false step would precipitate the luckless wight to immediate destruction. There is a house erected at the head of the stair-case, where you can procure a guide for a trifle, and an oil-cloth garment, without which you would be drenched to the skin instantly by the spray which is constantly dashing around you. There is also kept a kind of album, in which are inserted the names of those who have been so fool-hardy as to venture the length of Termination Rock, and where I also had the honour to insert mine. Here are names recorded from every quarter of the globe, and you would be astonished to find so many in the course of one season as there are from England and Scotland. Amongst the latter, I recognised that of the celebrated Captain Basil Hall. A ferry-boat plys with passengers only about half a mile beneath the Horse-shoe, and lands within 100 yards of the American fall, which, viewed from this place, has a most magnificent effect; but of all the sensations I ever experienced on water, the motion of this boat is the queerest. It is neither rolling nor tossing, but a mixture of both; yet the current is not so swift, at least not so perceptible, as one would expect from the well known great body of water that is running past; of course it must be of immense depth. The river continues for six miles to run between precipitous banks from 180 to 200 feet in height, until it comes to Queenstown, forming in many places eddies and whirlpools where no boat could live. The width seldom exceeds 300, and in some places not more than 200 yards. Indeed, many people think, and with some appearance of probability, that the falls must have been as far down as this. An old farmer, who came from Roxburghshire, in Scotland, about forty years ago, told me, that in his time he has noticed a perceptible alteration, particularly at the curve of the Horse-shoe, where the heaviest body of water runs, and which would indicate that the rocks are gradually wearing away. Indeed, from certain landmarks which he pointed out to me, the great leap must now be thirty yards further up the river than it was when he first came to the country. It has been ascertained by naturalists, that the rocks forming the bed of the river, from the rapids upwards, are of a softer nature than those at the falls, and consequently less able to stand the action of the current. Certain people, therefore, who delight in the marvellous, speculate on the time when the bed of the river, having been washed away to a level with the bottom of Lake Erie, will allow its waters, and consequently those of the upper lakes, to escape so rapidly, that Ontario must overflow its banks, Lower Canada and the northern portion of the States be completely laid under water, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence turned into another ocean. At Queenstown the high precipitous banks disappear, the river widens to nearly a mile, and continues moving gently at the rate of three or four miles an hour, making many beautiful meanders until it mingles with the waters of Lake Ontario, twelve miles below the falls, and six below Queenstown.

BURNING WIDOWS IN INDIA.

SINCE I left Bengal (says Statham, in his "Recollections of India"), the horrible practice of burning widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, called suttee, has been abolished by an order of government; and I can truly say, no intelligence was ever so grateful to me than the news of so praiseworthy an act on the part of Lord William Bentinck, who has gained more laurels by this order than any of his predecessors have done by splendid victories or advantageous political treaties. Never shall I forget the awful shrieks of expiring widows, which, in many instances, have met my ear. Sometimes I have beheld the poor aged

matron, unable to ascend the pile, thrown upon it by the hard-hearted Brahmins, with as little remorse as they would have felt if they had been throwing up a log of wood, and with the same roughness too; whilst, at other times, I have beheld the youthful victim of superstition and Brahminical cupidity eagerly and fearlessly ascend the funeral pile of her deceased husband, and embrace the putrid remains, quietly submitting to be bound with flax, and to have a load of dry wood placed over her, till at length the fatal torch being applied by the next of kin, the swiftly-spreading flames have dispelled her dreams of fancied bliss. The last suttee I witnessed was attended with most distressing circumstances: the widow was young, and the mother of three, two boys and a girl.

"It was about seven o'clock in the morning of one of the hottest days of July, that I heard of the death of a man, and of the determination of the widow to become a suttee. I immediately went to the house, but was refused admittance. I returned home, but went again in a short time, and then found the body of the deceased husband before the dwelling-house, and the widow sitting by it. She had taken the cloth from her own shoulders and spread it over the face of her husband, so that she was naked from the waist upwards. In her hand she held the branch of a sacred tree, with which she brushed off the flies from the dead body beside her. I immediately reasoned with her on the sin and folly of her proposed self-destruction, pointing out the sinful nature of the crime, and in forsaking the duties incumbent on a mother, as well as the excruciating pains she must endure if she persevered in mounting the funeral pile. To all entreaties to desist from her purpose, she constantly answered, 'I am a suttee, a holy woman.' When I asked her what she hoped to obtain by this act of self-destruction, she said, 'Two millions of years of happy lives (or transmigrations) for myself and husband too.' This declaration was eagerly caught at by the host of Brahmins around, who, with clamorous tongues, assured her this would be the case, at the same time advising her to answer none of my questions. This advice for some time she strictly adhered to; and when I spoke to her, instead of answering, she would frantically shout, 'Hurrubholl, hurrubholl!' However, after reasoning with the Brahmins, and patiently and perseveringly putting questions to her, she at length returned answers to them; and I found that her mind was most fully bent on undergoing the fiery ordeal. She was the most interesting native female, in appearance, that I ever saw, and evinced a courage all through the awful scene that I seldom remember to have seen equalled. In consequence of the judge humanely desiring to prevent her burning, the perwhanna, or order, was not signed for two days, during the whole of which time she was obliged to remain without food, except a few grains of dried rice, presented by the officiating Brahmin; neither could she leave the dead body of her husband, which, long before the ceremony of burning took place, was become so putrid, that the Brahmins, who delighted in the cruel work, were obliged to keep at a good distance from it; yet the poor woman sat beside the corpse, fanning away the flies the whole time and now and then addressing some endearing words to it. A great deal of impatience was manifested on the second day by all parties for the arrival of the perwhanna; and the brother of the deceased set out for Allipore, a distance of four miles to expedite the business. Through the haste and anxiety of this messenger, he brought away the order without the signature of the judge. What was now to be done, puzzled them all. The relatives wished to burn the bodies, but this the Daroga forbade. It was too late now to wait on the judge that day, as the offices were closed. Some advised that the dead body should be burned, and the woman on the same spot the next day; but the relatives said, if the body was once burnt, the woman's resolve might fail, so that it was determined to postpone the burning till the morrow.

Thinking, under the distressing circumstances in which she was now placed, another effort might succeed, I called her two little boys, who were sitting at a distance, to me, and taking one in each hand, went up to her, saying, "Can you, then, then leave your children without a protector? Have you no maternal feelings left? Can you forsake the children to whom you have given birth? Remember how you have nursed and cherished them, and do not act so cruel, so unnatural a part, towards them." Leaping upon her feet, and lifting her hands to Heaven, she exclaimed, "They are not my children; I am a suttee—a holy woman. I have no children. Take them away—take them away." The little boys, evidently in great distress of mind, fell at my feet, and embracing my knees, exclaimed, "Sahib, our father is dead, and if mother dies, what will become of us? Don't let her burn—don't let her burn, sahib." Whilst thus supplicating, an old man, who, I afterwards learned, was their father's uncle, rushing forward, caught hold of each by the hair of the head, and dragging them from me, constrained them to shout, Hurrubholl! It was a lamentable sight to behold them, with tears rolling down their cheeks, thus employed.

Early the next morning I approached the fatal spot again. All nature seemed hushed in silence; a refreshing dew had invigorated the herbs and trees, and a gentle breeze played on the surface of the river. Several large vultures were perched on the summit of the tree, beneath which the devoted victim sat, whilst several large Pariah dogs were prowling around, all attracted by the noisome effluvia issuing from the putrid corpse. The appearance of the woman was greatly altered for the worse. She seemed to be quite intoxicated; her eyes rolled, and her manner altogether was quite different from what it was on the preceding day. Her long dishevelled hair floated in the breeze, and she reminded me of the fabled Hecate. In the course of the night she had been allowed some bhann,

which produces the same effect as opium, and is very much liked by the natives generally.

To reason with her in this state was impossible. About eleven o'clock the brother returned with the perwhanna, duly signed by the magistrate. The pile was soon in readiness; it was about seven feet long and five feet broad, and raised about five feet from the ground, composed of dry billets laid across each other, and kept in place by strong stakes driven into the ground; the interstices were filled with flax and shavings dipped in oil, and two large bands of flax were laid across the pile. As she walked boldly towards it, I attempted to gain her attention once more; but the Brahmins were become very insulting and violent. Having proceeded seven times round the pile, during which time she had given parched rice and several little ornaments to her surrounding relatives and friends, she boldly clambered up, and frantically cast herself upon the putrid corpse already deposited there. The two bands of flax were immediately drawn tightly round both the bodies, and tied fast together; many large dry billets were then piled upon them to a great height, and flax was cast in between every layer; then over the whole a kind of liquid butter was poured in abundance; and lest the poor victim should, on feeling the fire, make her escape, two large bamboos were fixed in the ground on one side of the pile, and, being bent over, were held down tightly by men on the other side, so that the escape of the woman was rendered impossible. Soon as this was completed, which was done in a very short time, a light was placed in the hand of the eldest child, and this poor suppliant for his mother's life was constrained to walk round the pile seven times, and then to set light to some flax beneath the head of his dead father and living mother. The pile was instantly in a blaze, and the noise of the tom-toms and screams of the multitude quite drowned the cries of the poor widow, except to those who were close to the pile. But I heard a scream from that fire which I shall never forget! It was a cry of horrible anguish and entreaty for liberation! But in a few minutes the cry ceased, and shortly after, nothing but a heap of burning embers was seen on the spot."

UTILITY OF THE LONG CLAWS OF THE LARK.

The lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it is liable to be injured, either by cattle grazing over it or by the mower. In case of alarm from either these or other causes, the parent birds remove their eggs, by means of their long claws, to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg, which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly; and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its eggs to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them.—*Jesse's Gleamings.*

AMERICAN VINES.—There is perhaps no vegetable in America that strikes the mind with greater surprise than the wild vine. I have seen one with a stem nine inches in diameter, and heard of others measuring eleven inches. Some detached trees have their tops closely wreathed with the vines in a manner that forms an elegant and umbrageous canopy, into which the eye cannot penetrate. In the woods they overtop the tallest trees, and from thence hang the pendulous twigs almost to the ground, or pass their ramifications from the branches of one tree to others overshadowing a considerable space. In many instances their roots are at the distance of several feet from any tree, and their tops attached to branches at the height of sixty or eighty feet, without coming in contact with the trunks of trees, or any intermediate support. To make the case plain, I have only to say, that the positions of some of these vines have a near resemblance to the stays, and some other ropes of a ship. The question, how they have erected themselves in this manner, is frequently put. Boats that descend the Ohio are often moored without any other cable than a small vine. If a notch is cut in the stem of the vine in the spring season, clear and tasteless water runs out, not in drops, but in a continued stream. I have several times quenched my thirst from sources of this kind.—*Flint's America.*

NAILS.

The art of nail-making is one of the most ancient in Birmingham. It is not, however, so much a trade, as of Birmingham, for there are but few nail-makers left in the town; the nailers are chiefly masters, and rather opulent. The manufacturers are so scattered round the country, that we cannot travel far in any direction out of the sound of the nail-hammer. Birmingham, like a powerful magnet, draws the produce of the anvil to herself.

When I first approached Birmingham (says Mr Hutton) from Walsall in 1743, I was surprised at the prodigious number of blacksmiths' shops upon the road, and could not conceive how a country, though populous, could support so many people of the same occupation. In some of these shops I observed one or more females strip of their upper garment, and not overcharged with their lower, wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I inquired 'Whether the ladies of the country shod horses?' but was answered, with a smile, 'They are nailers.'

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